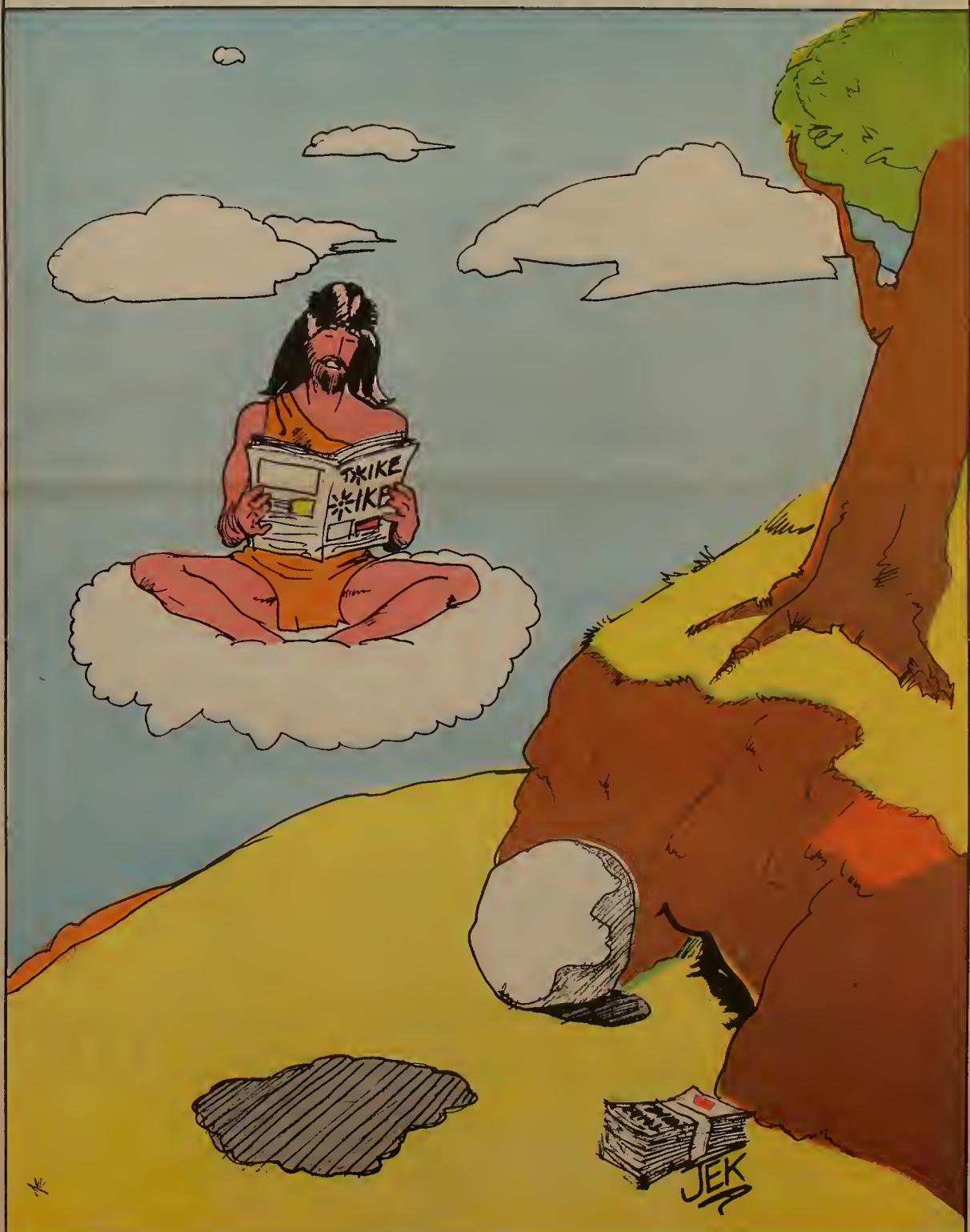


THE RESURRECTION





Universal Life Church, Inc.

HEADQUARTERS: 601 THIRD STREET, MODESTO, CALIFORNIA 95351 • (209) 537-0553

Credentials

This is to certify that the bearer hereof **THOMAS OKE**
of **TORONTO** State or Province of **ONTARIO**
has been ordained by Universal Life Church, Inc. this day **OCT. 31**

19 77,

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President — Kirby J. Hensley, D.D.

(???) What's happening? Have you looked at the Eng. Soc. lately? We've heard rumours that they're all a bunch of wimpy assholes, (wimpholes for short)(can you say that? wimpholes? sure you can) from the new Executive (it's just a term) right up to the scummiest of scum — the LGM (Losers Giving Much Boredom?). (Excluding June, P.S. Does Greg Forbes really go down for you in the mornings??!) * * * * * Oh, there's the V. Assuming the reader (that's you stup(d) knows less than a Chem about the Eng. Soc, we will take a paragraph or three of this massive aside to enlighten you.

massive aside to enlighten you. It all starts at the bottom of the composite heap where all the vermin lie. (Ha ha!) (Incidentally, it ends there too.) Here can be found a cluster of five humorously selected, achilous (lipless), pedantic, lifeless, puritan, morgans who have this tremendous knack for just sitting on their faées feigning intelligence and expounding upon such bullshit as "I would like to rescind the motion brought forth by Mr. Lance Nettleton (whom I've known for year's intimately (nudge, nudge), but still call 'ister because I'm so full of myself) because I don't have a class until six and I just love using all these nifty big words". In addition to these faggots is a group of scunts who just loiter about the Engineering Stores and especially the Tolke office (a few 3rd year fles excluded) without doing the square root of fuck-all for the Cause while exhausting precious oxygen that real Engineers (not wimpy) could be using.

Now don't get us all wrong. Not everybody there is a complete A-hole. Take the BPC for instance (if you can find them). Here we have a group of select individuals with an incredibly high pedigree who are so awesome in power that they tend not to exist. Therefore by Bayes' Theorem, the conditional probability that the BPC are wimps given that the cretins in the Eng. Soc. are is precisely zero. ($P(\text{BPC are wimps} | \text{Eng. Soc. are wimps}) = 0$)

Last and most emphatically least with regards to intelligence, humour, musical ability, appearance, ability to pass — in effect falling short of every requirement except wimpiness, is the Baad. These fools, most of whom have experienced and re-experienced the déja-vu of Firoshdon, are not even worthy of note. (So forget you ever read these last two sentences.)

Ine. — makers of the worlds first 2^{mm} thick safety contact lens. And now... .

A REAL EDITORIAL

The funeral bill at right will not be paid, not only because there's something screwy with the addition, but also because, contrary to popular belief, the Toike is not dead! I really had a good laugh watching all the stupid artsies and half of the Engineers (Firosh especially) go on about how 'The Toike is gone!' and I would especially like to thank the newspapers (and I use the term loosely!) for doing their usual job of blowing things entirely out of proportion. (For years we've been telling readers not to take anything in the Toike seriously, but still they do — asinine fools!) In retrospect, it's incredible when you think about how much the Toike must really be admired since almost every local paper and radio station bothered to report its demise. The ingineers went so far as to print a memorial issue of the Toike. The lead as from B.C. reprinted Toike articles from (continued on page 6)

All Systems 'Blow'



The Space Shuttle, "FACCA ONE" yesterday passed a critical cilia inspection, and the operations director Vennie Babie said, "Everything appears Blow", for the April 30th launch of Canada's new breed of communications satellite. This ends years of doubt about when the big wonder would be ready for its maiden blow.

Formal clearance will come Easter Monday after the acting administrator, Mister Mr. Buttelle returns from his Passover celebration. The Space Agency is still waiting for the convoy of eighteen wheelers to bring in the supply of Facca One Lunch Specials. Systems Engineer, and Facca's mother's boyfriend, Victor Atillamontos was instrumental in analyzing the fuel efficiency of the Facca One Lunch. "I fed them to the front row but they became disoriented. It must have been all the Italian Ham, so we opted for meatball sandwiches."

Asked where they came up with the Facca One concept, chief stress engineer Steve (get your hands off me) Scurland said, "We were sitting around the house, watching the Leafs lose and belting back Brador when the Kleenex commercial with the schnazoid comes on.

We all yelled out FACCA! Randy (social eater) Gildrist is in charge of the astronaut's life systems which consist solely of Golden. "They can eat it, drink it, and breathe it. I do."

The development of the Facca One did run into problems. First Choice astronaut, James Goalpost Gillanders replied when asked to volunteer for the mission, "I can't, I'm saving myself." Directors Dick Bothwell, and a second member who refused to be identified (rumours are circulating about his not having a nose), then chose Steve Adler, and Captain Keenio as alternatives. They refused for religious purposes. The man with the plaid polyester leisure suit finally accepted the mission. For days people were singing about an Exclusive men's store.

The mission is two years behind schedule because of all the retreading that has been done. This in fact helped the programme because once is not enough. Chief retread Bill Fudpucker revealed that he had nothing to say.

The Facca One is the latest effort of the Guru Electronics Group and it is estimated that it has the potential to effectively wipe out the third gunner in every Soviet tank.

Sir:

Thank you for your patronage and we express strong sympathy to the loss of your loved one.

As we arranged, you may pay for the funeral arrangements net/30 days.

For the Funeral of *The Toike Oike*
Born 1911 Died 1981

Death due to apathy and crucifixion.

Tomb	\$ 2,300.00
Hearse	150.00
Cross	600.00 plus the house we tore down to get the wood. \$180,000.23
Pallbearers	76,000.67
Mass	8,000.00 plus 100 bottles of Mogan David Wine.
Police Escort	89,000.00 - not for traffic control, but for riot control when everyone found out.
Parking Tickets	798,566.98 - for parking the whole procession of 16,000 papers in a "ND PARKING — TDW AWAY ZONE"
Gas Masks	8,950.00 - Why did you keep it laid out in state for 3 months anyway?
Draping	15,000.00 - Do you know how long it took to find the real shroud of Turin?
Total	\$4,675,987.83 plus 7% sales tax

We at Mario's Funeral Home thank you once again and hope *The Toike Oike* enjoys it's stay in Hell!

Make check or money order payable to 'Mario's Funeral Home' net/30 days (or we sue)

Yours truly,

M. Bernardo

Pub call.



MOOSEHEAD

Stonker: I'm Sorry God.

IS4 - to ten (minus): This explains 25 March. I hope.

Vic: Where's a Neo-conservative when you need one???

Miss Piggy: Bearer, where are you?

Comp. Sel.: Goddammit, Arties has rights too!!

Dave Ind.: DK so I lied. That's what happens when you've got RWP for a prof...31.

Little Eva: Dear Mom and Dad....

Calgary Kid: What, me Canadian?

Allan, Token Arties: I hope it's not too painful. I'll be more careful next time!

RDTO: Simple Thoughts for simple minds.

Dog I am here.

144: Gross always.

Ernest Angley: HEEAALLLLL!

Norm Sub-Frost: I once shot an artie in my pajamas. How she got in my pajamas, I'll never know.

Forest-Mozz Yeal I'm pissed, Holy God!

Inspector: Here in spirit...

Pirate King: Mutiny, what Mutiny?

Lorraine Electrical: Jimmee, I want IT now!!

Chem Frost: Heading up to D.U. for lots of IT!!

Christina: I'm a gross misrepresentation of reality.

Asymptote Now!: If you believe in Heaven, then you believe in Hell!

GNISH: This is my first time...

Iguana: Wow!

Chris RMC: I'm on parole!

Maxwell: Simply amazing!

I.C.: How do you spell 'blasphemous'?

Kid Paranoild: Perchance to Moose...

Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Silli, and Nash: Where have all the beggars gone??!!

The Drb:

Glanders: More, more, more...

The TOIKE OIKE is published every now and again in the interest of the Engineering Undergraduates by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto. We live on the third floor of the condemned Metro Library Building at 20 St. George St., or can be reached at 978-3377.



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It's A Long Way to Armageddon

Brethren, has it ever crossed your febrile, fantasy-ridden, sin-riddled minds, that the end of the world could be close at hand, so to speak? No? Well, Chuck-o, it's time to shape up or Iran-substantiate out, as the Lamb of God says, at the end of the rainbow. (Paul the Apostle is saving me a booth right next to Martin Luther. Sinners, eat your hearts out!) Many times in the course of my daily sojourns into the law of physical reality, I find myself confronted with one basic question: What is the Apocalypse? I know for certain that the world is coming to an end: Anti-Christ's forces, esconced within the highest offices in Russia, like a great festering sore, oozing the pus of sin, atheism and planned economy over the world, have already infected Eastern Europe, turning nations of gentle, ignorant, God-fearing peasants into legions of commissars, Marxists and dirty hockey players. Then there is the lamentable decline in the level of public morality. Why, just last night, acting within the bounds of parental vigilance, when I went to my daughter's bedroom to help her pray (in our sect, accompanied by the mutual purging of sin through the intersection of spiritual node-points), I surprised her in the act of fornication with the members of her high school's football team. I felt a sweaty wave of nausea rip through my stomach, but as time passed I grew to appreciate the marble texture of their bodies, still in the flower of their youth! It brought my virility to cascading rapids of passion that I dared not try to foresee with the aid of a Penthouse, or failing that, a Guinness Book of World Records. Doctor, you've got to HELP me! It all started the night I was hit by a bus, and realized that evolution was noting but a snotty Communist rationalization for the existence of pharmacists. But I digress. So, I say to you, friends, things do look bad, but as it says in the Good Book (\$2,000 weeks on the best-seller lists):

"Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I shall fear no SDS, RMG, or Spartacists. My rod and my staff, they comfort me..."

So, you ask, with all the arrogance of a world-bound sinner: "just what is the Apocalypse, and how do I make my voice do this?" To answer that question requires a higher authority than my pen is capable of, so let's let God take over, and thereby give an air of legitimacy to this pile of shit.

Thank you: God here, sinners. I'm used to writing on tablets, so I can't vouch for the quality of the following dissertation. (Somebody put out that burning bush over in the corner, it's starting to bug my ass.) Quite simply, folks, Apocalypse is the end of the world. Like the end of anything else, this is accompanied by certain tell-tale signs, which, if detected early enough, could save you much precious time in preparing to meet your maker (ie. Me. Hey, is it OK if I use capital letters for My Name? I forgot to put that in the contact.) The first thing you will notice is the smell of, Lord pardon, make no mistake about it, but it's a rush to see your name in print), horseshit, you know, ca-ca. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse never hestrained their steeds. I got them in an even trade with Notre Dame for Michael, Gabriel, Mary and Joshua (I was getting tired of the do-gooders anyway.). One of them will knock on your door and ask for an appointment with your life. You will recognize these guys by certain signs. One of them is deathly pale (he just refuses to eat anything I put before him) and has a very nasty habit of killing anything he touches. Up here we call it the "reverse Midas syndrome". All you have to do is point to the kids' bedrooms and he will take care of the rest. The next passes disease faster than you can say "Pax vobiscum", that is when he isn't scratching himself. Anything you want, he's got, from bubonic plague to beri-beri.



Honestly, he was a scream in Bialfra. If you save 10 Apocalypsiel wrapped, you can even get a free 100cc vial of pneumonic plague bacillus, and a ticket to Heaven's \$100-a-plate fund-raising dinner. (What with Nixon and Co. The Good Deeds Trust has been under bankrupted and I've had to put it under the office of cheebie soul-conditioning and re-education). Famine is a strange soul-conditioning and re-education. Famine is a strange character. With all the advancements in medicine and that, I've had to use him more than usual. But, honestly, it's no fun to watch him work. Like, sick people go through the most fascinating changes before they die, but starving people just get skinny and look at you with those budging doe-eyes of theirs. My favourite, personally, is War. Recently, he's leaving the field of international action, and getting into bars. The guy's incredible! Last night he got feminine and pestilence into a fist fight over the question of who was going to use Roy Roger's saddle. I nearly died (if that's possible) laughing. You should see him go to work on Mary. She just sits there and glows, but when she's mad she starts getting confused and calling herself the "Impeccable Conception." She's not a bad looking broad, but the way she dresses puts her right out of the "impeccable" ball park.

So, kids, by this time I've thoroughly devastated the world as you know it. You can't start the Porsche, you traded in your wife's Dior's just to get a couple of ampoules of meningitis vaccine, there's not a Rice Krispy in the house, and the kids were fighting like bandits until you shot them with the Id-gauge (consider mushroom bullets as an alternative). Now, the real fun begins. You see, since creation I've never really had a chance to bugger around with the design of the earth, and I'm really getting tired of that pseudo-nonghancial arrangement of the continents (Atemporal Art Nouveau). The decorator had to leave because he fell in love with my beard, and I don't have any training in design, since they put celestial architecture under the faculty of Techniques of Divine Control and Self-Adulation. So, for starters, there's the light show. I thought I'd fuck the plants around and turn the sun black. Can't you just see those assholes trying to photosynthesize black light? What a riot! Then, for Dracula and the boys, I'll turn the moon red, blood-red. After that I'm gonna chuck a few stars at you just to show you what a crisis really is. You don't know anything until Betelgeuse is poised directly above your split-level in Etobicoke. Then, for all the pests, I'm going to split the skies wide open, so you'll have to find something else to describe, you faggots. Now for the biggy, I'm arranging the continents to spell out "Ain't no flies on the Lamb of God". (an old blues ditty that St. Augustine dug singing after a few bottles of Manisheitz Sacramentalz).

So now you're boggled. But there is a way out. You see, that sealing capacity up here is about 144,000. Right now we've got an application with the Heavenly Bodies (C.C.B.O.), but you know bureaucrats. I don't know how to say this, but these 12 Jewish guys each bought lots of 12,000 tickets which they're now scalping at amazing prices. We're negotiating with Mohammed to get some space from him, but that means he's got to find new space for all those dancing girls of his (there are times when I wish I'd taken more time to research his alternative to asceticism). So it comes down to a choice between paying a few thousand shekels for eternal salvation and Tuesday night football, or sizzling like a hamburger until you get a tan that Jackie Onassis would envy. So, if you have a ticket, and you've got "God" written on your forehead

(use a felt marker, or India ink for greatest legibility) you get on the bus that's got "City of God" posted as its destination. When you get there, you'll be greeted by the gang, Peter, Simon, Mark, Luke, the saints and the martyrs (I know I'd find a use for those bleeders). They'll give you a white robe and two vouchers for Everwhite Dry Cleaners, and an original Divine pen and pencil set. That night I'll give a dinner (dress casual, haloes optional) and as a special after a dinner surprise, a free magic show that will feature my kid. He walks on water, revives the dead, and changes into Graham wafers and wine with the best of them. Really, I wanted him to go into medicine, but he just couldn't get the stardust out of his eyes. I guess they loved him at Galilee, but Pilate and Herod panned him. The poor kid took it really hard. But he's really been practising, especially getting the nails out with no hands.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, I won't be stinting on the physical phenomena. Since the plants won't be much use under black light, I'll send down hail and tire mangled with blood and practise my slash and burn cultivation techniques. Then I'll boil the seas, and put one-third of the Earth's fish and chips joints out of business. After that it's just the usual stuff. You know, the rivers into blood, routine, turning everything black, that kind of stuff. They ate it up in Egypt. Moses wanted an excuse for a holiday, I'll give him Passover. A bit dramatic I'll admit but what the Heaven, you only live once even if it is forever.

The fireworks start when I sic the Beast and the Whore of Babylon (just ask the guys at Wycliffe about her) on those who refused to buy "Watchtower" subscriptions. Ol' Anti-Christ isn't very original. Like, I thought that mark on the forehead idea was really good. So what does he do? He puts a mark on the palms of all his minions. Really, there should be an Intergalactic Patent House, but Krishna is still holding out because he just doesn't have any original ideas except for making cows (cows! it's enough to make you sick) holy. Well, if you're dumb enough not to seek My everlasting forgiveness (don't forget, I'm the guy with all the power around here) you deserve all this. By this time you'll be used to my wrath anyway. All that really is going to happen (I've been quoted on all this by a copyright thief named John, who released on the Pontifical label and called it revelations. Some fairy title!) is that I'm going to wreak some more havoc. Before you say "Oh for God's (no pun) sake, not more plagues and blood and man-eating locusts," I want you to remember that all I've been doing for the last 1000 odd years is sitting on this uncomfortable throne and watching you guys bugger up every good thing I gave you. I think it's high time I got to bugger something up for once. Do you think it's EASY to sit up here and watch you guys drink and get high and get laid when all I can do is look around at all these artsie-fartsie saints and angels? Do you think it's EASY to be RIGHT all the time? Wow, there are nights when I try to tie a bow in my shoes that is lopsided. I can't even get a souffle to collapse. Really, this being God trip isn't all it's cracked up to be. And on top of that I've got to watch guys write articles like this, knowing that since I got that burrsit in my right shoulder that I haven't been able to hit the broad side of a barn door with my thunderbolt. You know, I used to think you guys were going to turn out O.K., that flood should have been warning enough. You just don't learn! I can't even get a good night's sleep with all those phone calls from that Dago peasant Paul (has anybody ever told him about Scope. I think he brushes his teeth in the font.) Oh, where did I go wrong? How could I? But I am. Just look. My arguments are becoming inconsistent I can even tell whether I'm right or wrong. Darn it. Where's Thomas Aquinas when I need him?

That, ladies and gentlemen, was an example of Divine Conternation. So, you ask, what happens now? Well, the whole thing boils down to this battle called Armageddon. I don't know why we're going through all the hassel of a battle. Everybody knows who's (or is that hose going to win). Jimmy the Greek is giving me odds on, which isn't great for the Divine Wallet, but is a neat ego-booster. All the same, I've been waiting what seems like an eternity, to best the snot out of that vain bastard Satan (or Beelzebub, or Lucifer or Vladimir Ilyich, or whatever you want to call him). I still say that red just does not suit him. And that fork of his isn't even any good for spearing pickles. And get a load of that tail of his. What a laugh, it isn't even prehensile.

Now, I save the best part for last. - the Judgement Day is where I get to wield some of the old power. Didn't you ever think when you were twanging your dick, or dancing slow, or lying to your mother or sucking your thumb, that someone was watching you? You put it down to quilt, but it was all my boys. They make the KGB and the CIA look like the Apostles. My boys get every thought that ever floated across your fetid noisome little minds. It really makes for good reading. If you're good, some Friday night I'll have a little get together and we can read the lives of Lorenzo de Medici, Catherine the great (I tried her and she was only so-so. But then the Russians like cabbage too), and Francois Villon. I wish Linda Lovelace would hurry up and die. I would just love to find out where she's at. Of course, this is only for you folks that get into Heaven. I've decorated Hell in McDonald's Modern style. Down there you'll listen to Gerald Ford read his life story, Frank Gorshwin do his Dante impressions and Lester Pearson go through posthumous speech therapy. Suffer!

To end... I'd just like to tell you that if you've been living the 'good' life, obeying the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule and the Apostles Creed, I just want to say, the joke's on you. It's very simple. Lucifer was really God (or the force of good in the universe)



and I am really the force of evil. You were all so stupid. I bought him out by giving him unlimited purchase rights at Studio 267. and Bergdorf Goodman's. It was all so obvious too. I made you suckers renounce all your physical impulses, to impose totally illogical and unnatural discipline on yourselves, to fight over the meaning of one or two words, to massacre each other in the name of Me and the Kids. I made you persecute each other, to become alienated from each other because of beliefs whose importance is so marginal that they don't even affect your daily existence. Well, it's too late now. It's just all too, too funny. See you on Judgement Day, kiddies. Love (chuckle God

(it really is an impressive name isn't it. I like it better than Richard).

The Resurrection Of The T*IKE *IKE

In the beginning, there was nothing only the Void and He who was the Creator, Pres. Pres brooded over the Void and saw the need to create a great and powerful institution of learning and thus was said,

"Let there be the U of T!", and it was so. And He saw it was good. And Pres nurtured the U of T and it grew and became strong but it was barren for it had no faculties. The Pres saw this and knew it must be changed so he said,

"Let there be Arts and Science." And behold the first artie skipped forth. And Pres bebel his creation and He saw that it really sucked. And storms did rage, for Pres saw the prancing and the limp-wristedness of the artie and he knew he had yet to create life, for he was no dumb fucker. He did laugh at this new creation for it did lack intelligence and sex. And thus He spake,

"Well, I was just practicing. This time I'll try not to fuck up." From the dust of the Void he forged a being, a being to be respected, a being to rule the campus. Yea, a veritable god in its own right. And lo, there was engineer. And Pres saw that it was good, may not good but great, perhabs...uh...real neat...uh...well, you know. Anyway, Pres was greatly pleased and did forge a multitude of engineers from the lowly civil to one in his own image of perfection, the Eng. Sci. Pres saw that there must be a place for these engineers, so he spake,

"Let there be Skule!", and it was good. And engineers did wake and looked around at the U of T campus. Engineers beheld the austere buildings and the well kept grounds and thus spoke their first words,

"Holy Shit! Is this place ever straight."

Then the beings of Skule rose up and strode about the campus raising shit. Skule did paint the SAC dome, did drink, did degrade Arts and Science and generally had a good time. But after a time engineers became bored for the arties had no balls and were thus complacent and did not fight back. So engineers told Pres of their plight, and Pres saw that something must be done. After

a time Pres created Nurses to keep Skule company. And Skule did grin, a hell of a lot. And as the years passed Skule and Nursing did flourish and begat new generations of engineers and nurses who did delight in demeaning Arts and Science. And engineers did create a powerful weapon to wield against all of their enemies. It was newspaper, may not an ordinary newspaper but one of truth and mirth—THE TOIKE OIKE. Toike did villify the arties, who had also flourished like a pestilence (probably like syphilis) as they were hermaphrodites. For Toike did expose the sinful, base acts of the arties. And the Toike was fearless and would tread where lesser papers (i.e. the Varshtity) had not the balls to go.

Yet there were many who feared the Toike and wished it banished, namely the prancing arties and the bull-dyke fems, and they did scheme to destroy it. They did deface Skule with vile slanders of Toike and propagated countless untruths of Toike. But yea Toike was steadfast and it remained relentless in its ridicule of all lesser beings (as no greater beings than Engineers did exist) and resolute as the guardian of truth. Yet, the malignant forces marshalled were great and Toike suffered many slings. And lo, Toike staggered and grew weary and an age of darkness ensued. Arties flourished through U of T.

Yet this dark time was short for while everyone believed the Toike to be slain it gathered new strength and virility within the vaults of the Old Metro Library. And it rose again on its white stallion, in a cloud of dust and mighty "HI OH SLIVER." (...Oh, fuck. I think that's already been used...)

And so it came to be that the Toike would be borne again into its seventy-first year and that it would never perish amidst the spurious accusations of a group of gross little girls. And as time did pass, the Toike being praised as always, did prosper and there was much rejoicing throughout the Skule.

not only in number

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hi!

ROMAROUND

A reminder to all of the Eng. Sci. Roamaround, February 15th. A \$2.00 ticket admist you to all computer terminals across campus for the evening. Software demonstrations and new programming techniques will ensure a great time. Tickets are available at Eng. Sci. Offices.

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Bob and Lorraine were walking along Bloor Street one afternoon. "See the CN tower?" asked Bob. "I built it, but do you think they'd call me Bob the tower builder? No way!"

A little later they passed a body rub parlour. "I own that place, but do you think they'd call me Bob the body rub tycoon? No way!"

Still later, they passed an apartment building. "I painted it, but do you think they'd call me Bob the painter? No way!"

"But I suck one cock..."

Q. What was left of the U.S. space Shuttle after it collided with a neutron star?

A. A star mangled spanner.

Editorial continued....

the early 70's and the list goes on and on. Unfortunately, any malevolence aimed at the Toike exists mainly here on campus where the apathy level nowadays seems to be at an all-time high. I was tremendously disappointed with all the people who yelled and screamed not to stop the Toike, but weren't willing to write or work on it themselves, or the people who were all eager to tell me what should be in the Toike, but once again refusing to do it themselves, left me with an empty paper. It is for these reasons alone that there were only five Toikes put out this year. Sure, there could have been six or seven, but I wasn't going to print any of the really boring shit that was submitted. For instance, a few students from New College got together and wrote that they considered to be a parody of Penthouse magazine. Finding it extremely sleep inducing (with the exception of one or two tid-bits which can be found in this issue), I showed it to several people, each of whom found it very hard to resist throwing up on. But don't worry, I'm sure you'll get a chance to see it next year when next year's *Editor* (who is one of the co-authors of this collection of excrement) puts it out, (if he ever learns how to do it right - this year's staff is boycotting all of his Toikes) that is assuming of course that he doesn't change his mind(?) after reading this profugent work of literature. Another reason we didn't have more Toikes is because I was asked to print from printer's vis, racist and dirty material (what's wrong with being happy and gay?) such as jokes like Q. Why wasn't Jesus born in Poland? A. Because they couldn't find three wise men and a virgin. Now anyone with half a brain will tell you that printing this joke clearly implies that all engineers think that all Polish men are stupid and all Polish women are cheap whores. But that's what you expect. That's what you get when you're dealing with somebody with half a brain. Let these half-brained people do exist and I know they'd love to have a *Frederick 451* day with a few bundles of Toikes. Oh, well. The *Cloud Nine* has so much room!

Well, I bet you're wondering when I'd start a new paragraph... Yes, this term has really been a lot of fun for the road of Toike. The 'Very Last' issue was really supposed to be the Christmas issue, but once again the true unreliable side of *Editor* Mike Stephenson showed through and we were left with the dilemma of what to do to the issue to make it still worth reading. Hence, 'The death of the Toike.' (P.T. Barnum was right) and the only way to bring it back was resurrection of course. In the mean time we were faced with the job of keeping up the front of the Toike's death, but still putting out a paper due to advertising obligations. Since this obviously could not be done, we were forced to bring 70 years of tradition to a halt. (However, on March 11, 1981, the Toike started its 71st year! Pretty clever, huh?!) Mid-February saw the publication of a TTC pamphlet. We still don't know who put it out (snicker), but I have heard rumours that it was another Engineering publication that was put together in just ten days, being laid out on flats in a little under seven hours.

Which brings me to this issue....I hated having to reprint articles that were just reprinted last year, but they were topical so what the hell. The two pages (+) of jokes that you will soon discover have all been extracted from Toikes of the 70's with about five exceptions. I hope you enjoy the issue as it will probably be the last of its kind and also because I've put about 80 hours of work into this damn thing. (I hope I pass)

But before I sign off as *Toike Editor*, I would like to thank Alan Lechem, Dana Stomkus, Frank Gulia, Alan Teischman, Pat Corcoran, Marko Pidhirskey, Lorraine Marion, Randy Sinukoff, and anyone else who really devoted some man-hours to the production of this extraordinary newspaper over the years.

A few weeks earlier the church had passed a decree allowing its priests to have pets as long as they were birds. So our faithful God fearing priest went to a bird store in search of

a talking parrot. Alas he found one in the first store which he pursued, with a string hanging from each leg.

"Tell me, my man," cried our callous kneed bible thumper,

"What happen if you pull the string on the left leg?"

"It's great!" cried the storekeeper. "It recites the 21st Psalm."

"And what happens if you

pull the string on the right leg?"

"Even better," our faithful entrepreneur said. "He says the Lord's Prayer!"

"Our priest was amazed and, of course, duly impressed.

"And what if you pull both strings?"

Now the Parrot creaked its eyes open and said with disgust, "I fall off the fucking perch, stupid!"

Enjoy The Bible in Filthy English



DISCOVER: What Delilah really cut off that destroyed Samson's strength!

FIND OUT: What Noah really did on his ark!

Complete and full-colour glossy pictures in graphic detail!

fill out this form and send it to the

WatchToike:

Gentlemen;
Please send me a filthy Bible.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY and PROVINCE _____

Yoshabel's Last Supper

Yoshabel's Food Emporium is going out of business and for this Last Supper we're offering 20% off your bill if you come in a party of thirteen!

Appetizers

Pate De Foie D'Alouette Gras Avec Truffles
(pate of lark's liver and other Roman rubbish)
Soupe Du Jour
Dead Sea Rolls
Salade Tossée - Romain lettuce avec beaucoup de those petite things qui crunchent.

Entrée

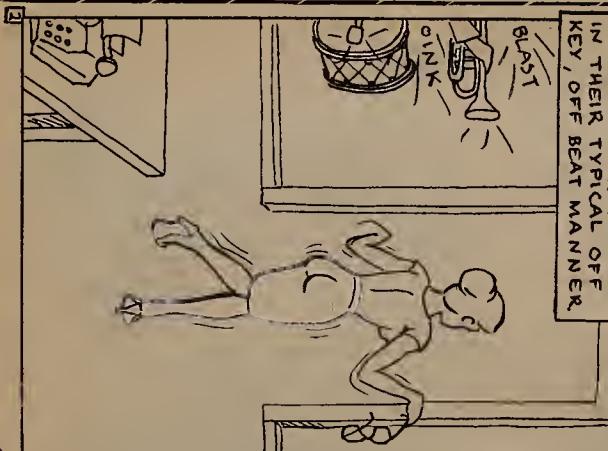
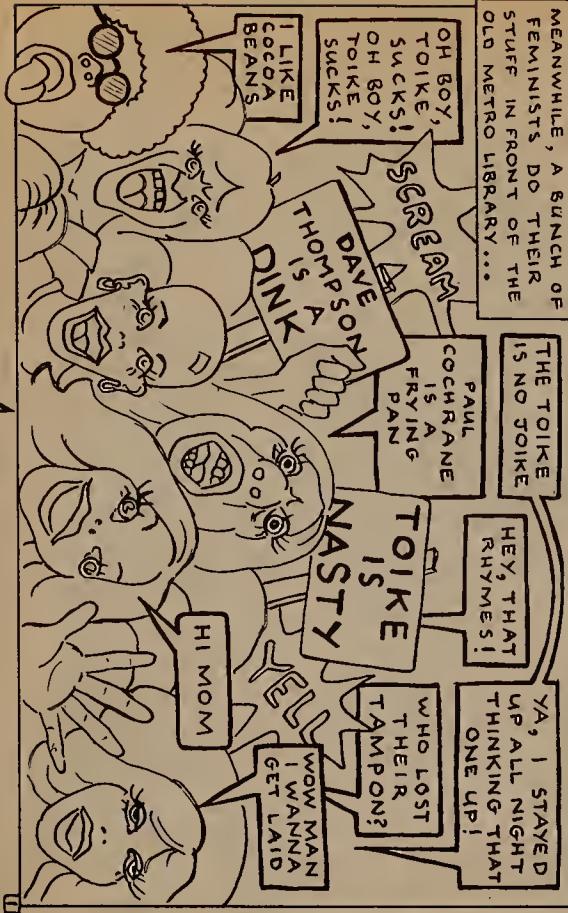
Peasant Under Glass (freshly stoned)
Pommes De Terre Au Gratin (apples with dirt and cheese)
Avoirdupois (have some peas)
Cheeses of Nazareth
Country Style Donuts
Hot Crossed Buns

Our fine wine cellar is quite well stocked and our sommelier will be pleased to aid you in your choice. May we suggest, however:

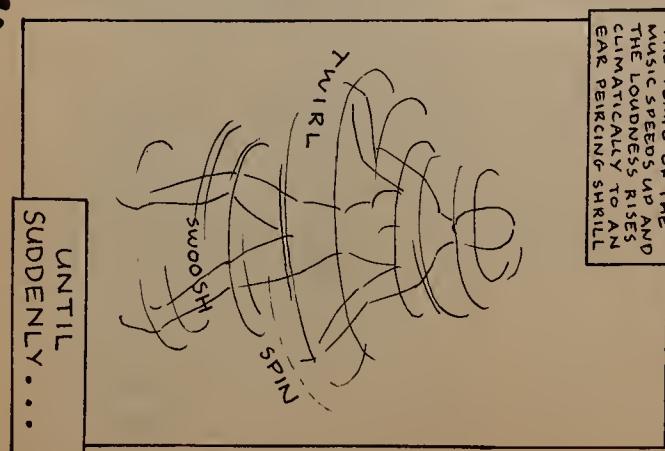
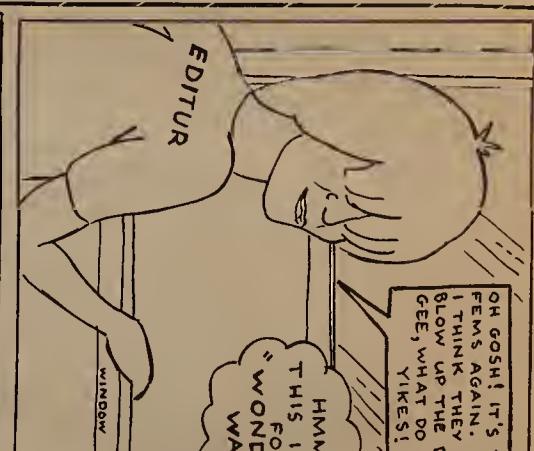
Bordelais '21
Ciders of Lebanon '72
Colt '45

And for no extra charge, have some bread with your wine!

Yoshabel's Food Emporium

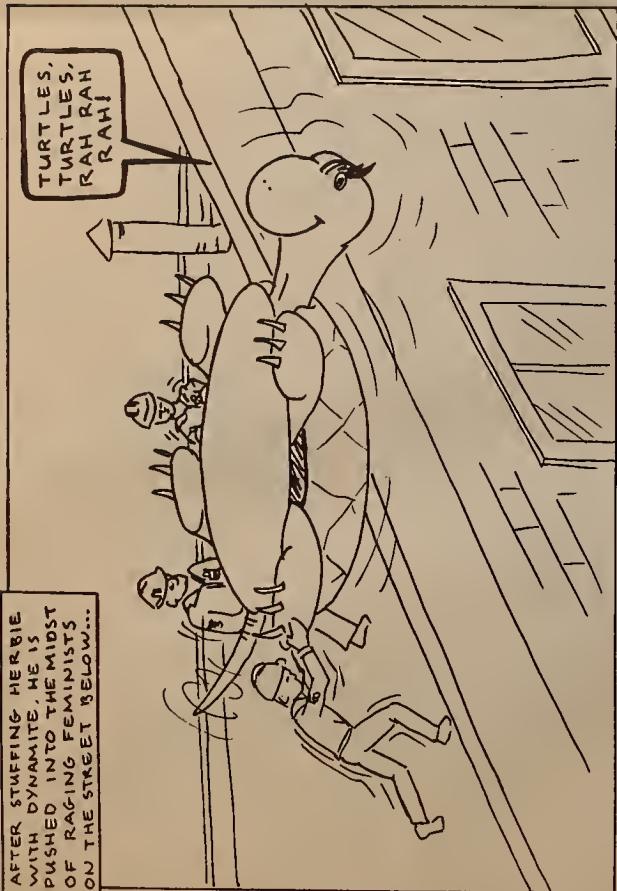


WONDER WANDA RUSHES OUT OF THE OFFICE AS THE LGMB PLAYS THE THEME FROM "WONDER WOMAN" IN THEIR TYPICAL OFF KEY, OFF BEAT MANNER.



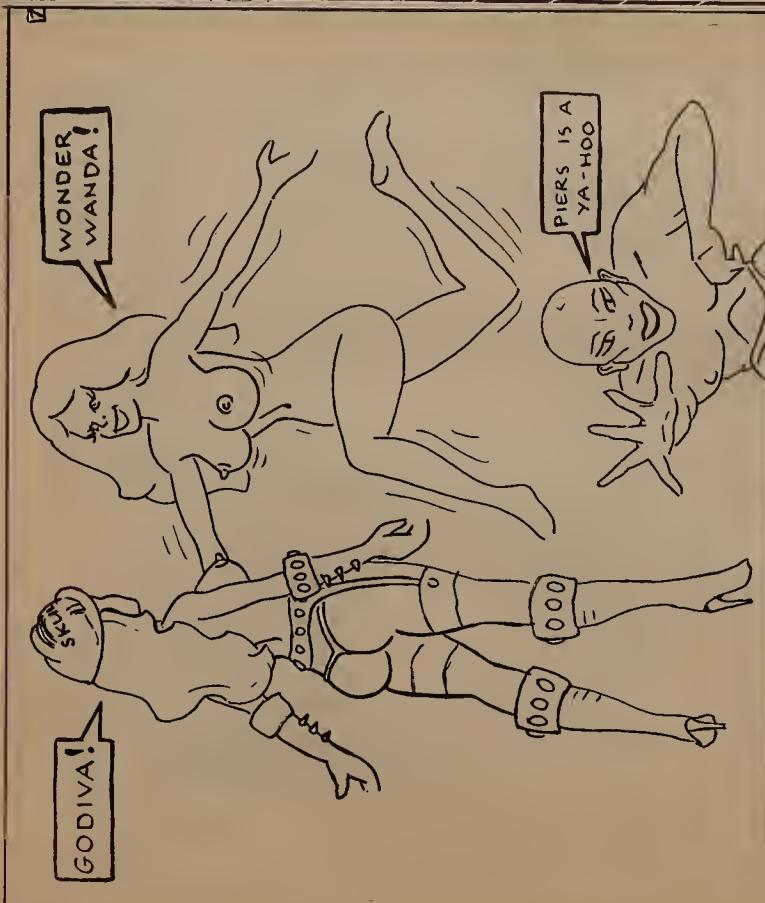
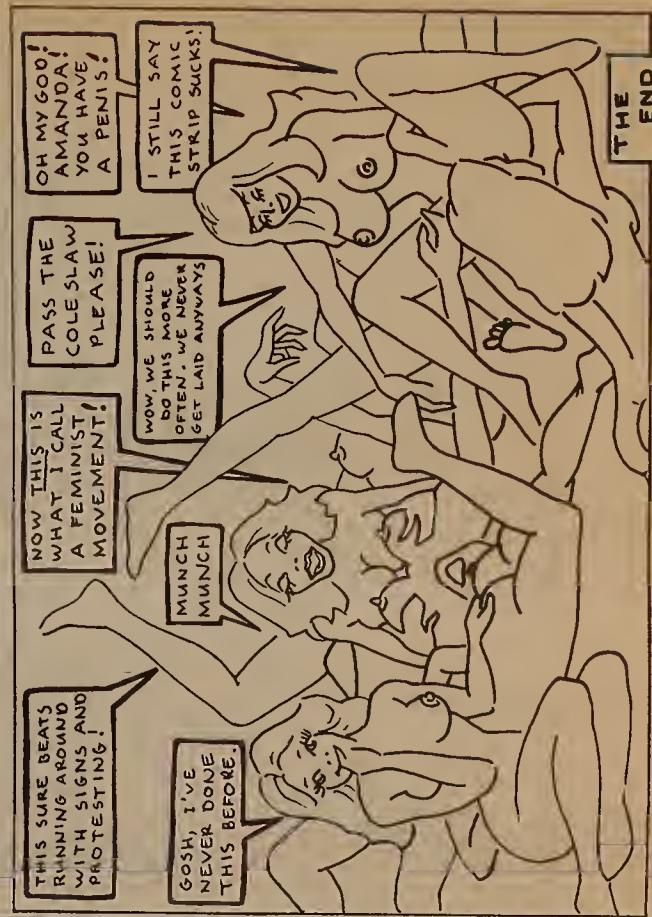
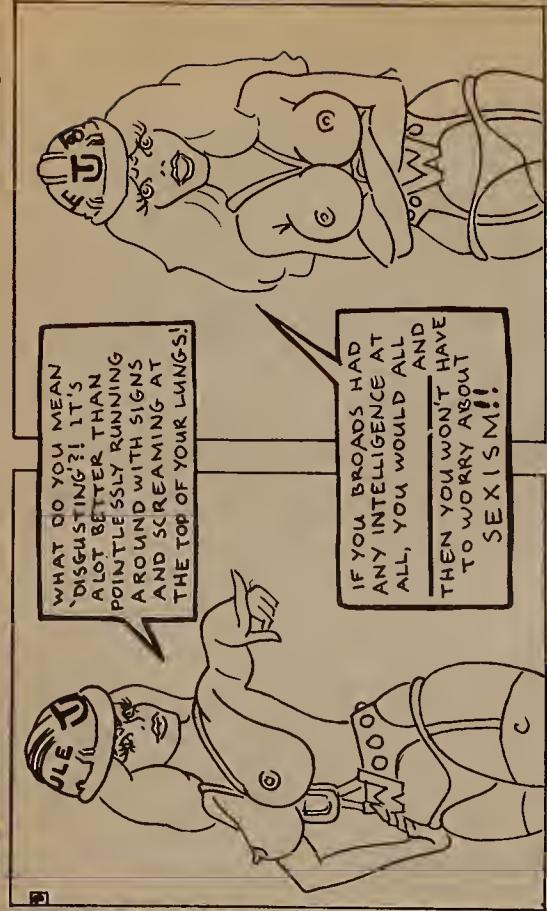
THE TEMPO OF THE MUSIC SPEEDS UP AND THE LOUDNESS RISES CLIMACTICALLY TO AN EAR PIERCING SHRILL



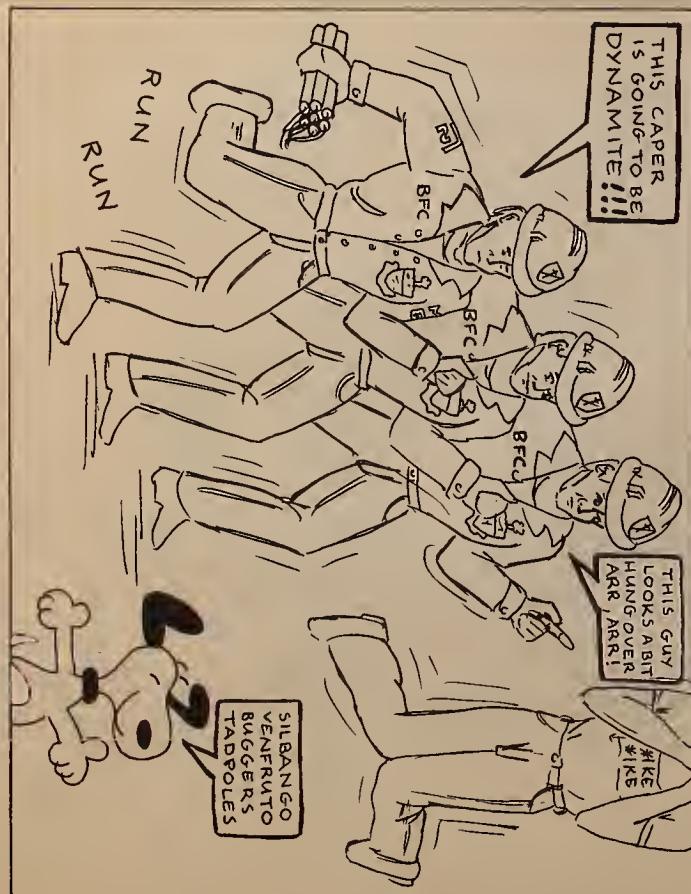
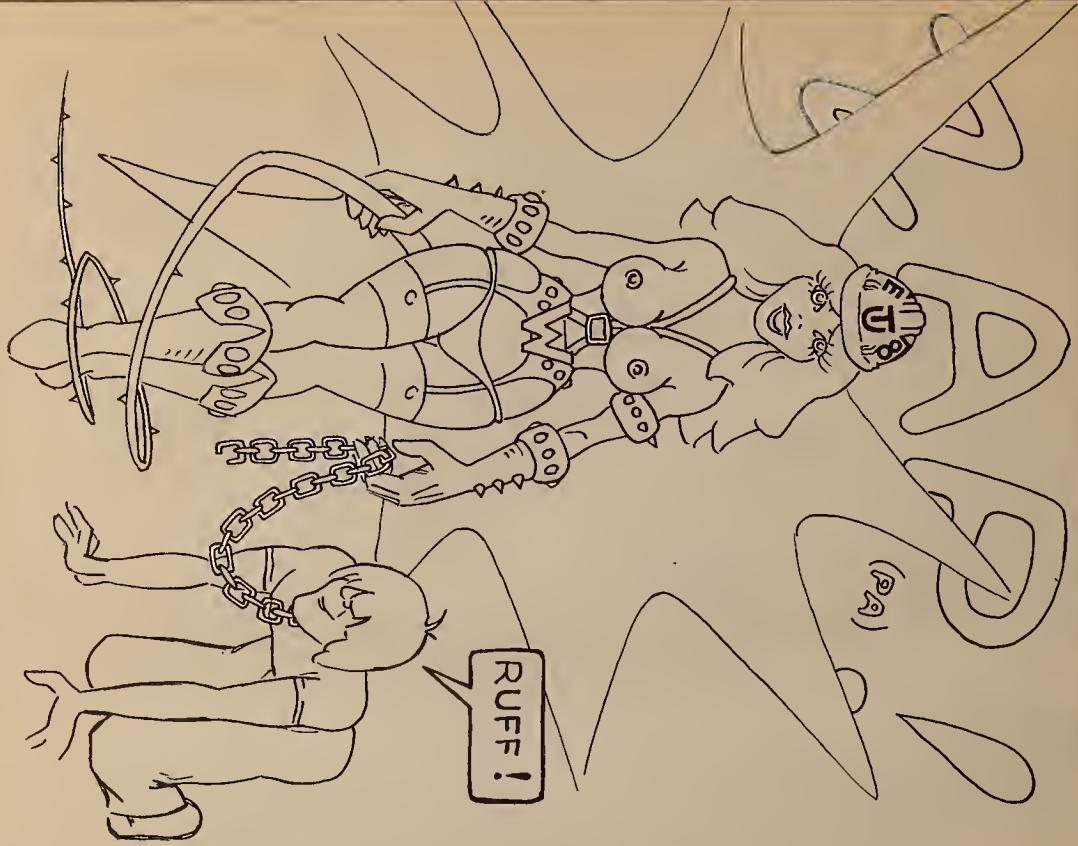


Fill in the blank correctly for a 24





THE END



A Review of The Last Supper

Last night your local social reporter had the pleasure of attending a really big social event which should go down for all time as the big dinner to try and match. The guest speaker was a man with a big following in these parts. J.C. and his groupies were treated to a fabulous spread at the Jerusalem Jaycee's Town Hall. To start off the evening J.C. went around scrubbing everyone's feet. The crowd really thought it was great but it took a long time to settle them down after Peter complained that he didn't want his feet washed. Somebody shouted that he had to wait for his nail polish to dry, but I wouldn't know about that. As they sat down to the meal, there was a small problem with the finger bowls. J.C. started talking about the problem of betrayal a lot a got into a big fight with Judas. This was a shame since I always liked Judas and the people there did seem a little hostile afterwards.

As a matter of fact, J.C. got downright rude and said he wished that Judas had never been born. At this remark Judas decided that it was time for him to leave. The evening did go rather quickly and I wish we could do it again. When I spoke to the big guy about it though, he looked down his nose at me and said he had no intention of coming back to this place. He mentioned something about a final supper, or maybe it was last supper. I do wonder though about the possibility that J.C. had too much to drink. As the dinner was coming to a close, J.C. started talking about his blood being the wine and something about bread and his body. Despite this, however, it was a really good time and I'm looking forward to doing it again. I hope J.C. will change his mind and come out next year for the same event. Until tomorrow this is Pontius Pilate saying taa-taa for now.

LUKE 15:11-32

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL TOIKE

11 And he said, a certain university had two newspaper:

12 And the younger of them¹ said to the Student Body, Student Body, give me a portion of readers that falleth to me, and it, divided onto them its readership.

13 And not many days after younger newspaper gathered his readers all together, and took his journey onto a far country², and there wasted his readership with riotous living.

14 And when he had lost all, there arose a mighty cry³ in that land; and he began to be in shit.

15 And he went and appealed to his readers of that university and they sent him to hole up in the Old Metro Library.

16 And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat:⁴ and no readers came unto him.

17 And when he came to himself, he said, how many newspapers of this university have readers enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

18 I will arise and go to the Student Body, and will say unto them, I have screwed up.

19 And am no more worthy to be called one of thine, make me as one of thy servants.⁵

20 And he arose, and came unto the Student Body. But when he was yet a

great way off, the Student Body saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck,⁶ and kissed him. 21 And the younger newspaper said unto them, Student Body, I have screwed up, and am no more worthy to be called one of thine.

22 But the Student Body said to its servants, bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet:

23 And bring wither the fatted calf, and kill it;⁷ and let us eat and be merry.

24 For this, our newspaper was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found and they began to be merry.

25 Now the elder newspaper⁸ was in the field; and as he came and drew high to the house, he heard music and dancing.⁹

26 And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

27 And he said unto him, thy brother¹⁰ is come, and the Student Body hath killed the fatted calf, because they have received him safe and sound.

28 And he was angry and would not go in: therefore came the Student Body and entreated him.

29 And he answering said to his readers, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet

1. The Toike Oike 2. Well, not so far really: DJ's 3. Actually, it was more like a whine.

4. While the significance of this passage has been much debated, it is generally agreed that it has something to do with the GNU College California. (\$2.40 for all the husks you can eat) 5. i.e. lowly rags such as the 'Strand', 'newspaper' etc.

6. Hospitalizing him for several weeks. 7. Or a few submarine sandwiches. 8. Or them (see footnote 7)

9. The Varsity 10. Courtesy of the Hibachis. 11. i.e. The Toike. The Varsity's real brother hadn't visited in years.

12. Not to be confused with 'make Mary' 13. And other neat things.



thou never gavest me a party that I make merry¹² with my friends: 30 But as soon as this my wicked brother was come, which hath devoured its readers with harlots,¹³ thou hast killed for it the fatted calf. 31 And he said unto him, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. 32 It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost and is found.



A Letter From Camp

March 31, 3

Dear Mam and Dad

Having a wonderful time her at Camp Gomorrah. The weather's fine and the activities are great. All my bunkmates are really good guys except for this one kid. He's from Nazareth and, god, is he ever strange. Far one thing, he's only 12 years old and he's already got a beard.

And for another, he glows all the time. I mean how does he expect us to get to sleep?

He also has this damn holier-than-thou attitude, and all because of those 12 guys that keep following him around. I mean, Christ, who does he think he is anyway? Just the other day he was late for our canoe trip. So what does he do? He catches up to us by running across the water. Pretty strange, eh? Honest mom! It's like he's on drugs and we're having the trip!

I think he's a carpenter or something. He's always carrying a couple of 4 by 4's around on his back. He says he's practising. What do you suppose he means?

It seems that his mother and step-father won't even let him wear shorts like the rest of us. Instead, he has to wear this robe that looks like a dress. I think I'd better avoid him.

Yesterday, we had a baseball tournament with Camp Sodom. Boy are those guys ever fucking animals! Anyway, it was the bottom of the ninth and we're losing 6 - 0. So this kid gets up on the pitcher's mound and calls us together

for a pep talk - something he called his "sermon on the mound". It didn't help. We lost 14 - 0 and do you know what he did? He went over and forgave the other team! Oh, I almost forgot,

Billy got hit in the face with a bat and the weird kid just laid his hands on him and he was alright. He's better than Kreskin!

Dear Mom and Dad

April 18, 3

Just a quick note to tell you I'm alright and to bring you up to date on that weird kid. Yesterday he turned all the Kaal-Aid in camp into wine. All the kids thought it was really neat, but the camp director got really pissed. Then when this kid was going off to the forest to talk to himself, one of the twelve guys kissed him! Well that was too much, so the Romans made him put his wood on his back and march out of camp.

As he left, he kept promising that he'd be back in three days. I don't believe him, but I guess I'll just have to wait and see. I'd just like to wash my hands of the whole thing. I'll see you in a couple of weeks.

Love your son
Patty

WARNING

This paper is full of obscene material and may disgust you. Therefore, anyone who has picked up this paper in ignorance now knows what is printed herein. Rather than read it, become outraged, and write self-righteous letters to editors and deans, demanding censure, just put it down now. If you continue to read, we can only assume you do so at your own discretion.



TOIKEJOIKESTOIKEJOIKESTOIKEJOIKEJOIKES

Let us consider, now, the very pretty little nun who was tripping across the grounds of her convent one evening about dusk when a brawny male arm shot out from behind a hedge, pulled her through the shrubbery, and....well, she didn't have time to say boo to a goose. She was had.

The instant she was able to free herself she went running to the Mother Superior and told her in sooth what had happened.

"All right, sister," said the Mother Superior, "hurry right down to the kitchen, get a lemon out of the refrigerator, cut it in half, and suck all the juice out of it!"

"Oh, Mother Superior," cried the young nun, "Will that take care of everything?"

"No," said the Mother Superior, "it will not take care of everything. But it will take that silly grin off your face."



How about five do's and five don'ts?

The green sperms on the paths near Fart House were telling each other jokes about the Irish:

"There was an Irish girl from Downpatrick who left home for the great lights and returned home loaded with money and finery."

"Is it indade a great job yez have in London, then?" enquired her mother. The girl wouldn't say what the job was, but after much badgering she whispered in her mother's ear, The old lady shrieked, groaned, and fainted right off.

When they'd brought her round she asked, "What's that ye said ye wuz again?"

The girl told her.

"Arrah, praise to arl the saints! I thought at first ye said ye'd said ye'd become a protestant."

St. Peter was on duty at the Pearly Gates when this nun who had died walked up trying to get into Heaven.

St. Peter: "Before letting you into Heaven, you must correctly answer three questions which I will put to you."

Nun: "Alright."

St. Peter: "The first is 'who was the first man?'"

Nun: "Adam"

St. Peter: "Correct. and who was the first woman??"

Nun: "Eve."

St. Peter: "Right again. Now before entering the kingdom of God, tell me, What were Eve's first words to Adam?"

Nun: "Mmm, that's a hard one."

St. Peter: "Right. You're in!"

Sign on a Catholic parish hall: "DON'T TAKE THE PILL" and underneath it said, "PLEASE USE REAR ENTRANCE".

Three Catholic priests, wearing slacks and sweaters, were about to tee off one afternoon when a golf hustler approached them. The hustler asked if he might join the three and they made him welcome. Then he proposed that a bet wouldn't be out of order and, somewhat reluctantly, the three priests agreed.

The con man set the stakes pretty high and proceeded to win the bet and the priests paid off. When all four returned to the locker room to change clothes, the hustler was shocked to learn that he had film-flammed a trio of holy men for he himself was a Catholic. He apologized earnestly, and said he wouldn't have proposed the bet if he had known.

The priests insisted, however, that the bet had been legitimate and that the hustler should keep the money.

"But," said he, "I still feel embarrassed. Isn't there something I can do to make amends?"

"There might be, at that," said one of the priests. "Are you parents living?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the priest, "send them around to me and I'll marry them."

"I locked my husband out of the house last week for playing around with a number of other women," said the attractive young Engineer's housewife, "and now he wants me to take him back. What should I do, Reverend?"

"It's your Christian duty to take him back," intoned the minister, patting her hand. "But," he added as he tightened his grip, "how would you like to get even with the bastard?"

What time of day was Adam created?

Just a little before Eve.

"Forgive me, Father," confessed the embarrassed engineer, "I made love to a beautiful virgin last night." "That's terrible," the cleric groaned. "Was it Cynthia Goodrich?"

"Please don't ask me that," the fellow pleaded. "Was it the Carruthers girl?" the man of cloth prodded. "I don't want to answer," the engineer insisted. "Well, was it Sue Fullerton then?" the priest demanded.

"I simply refuse to tell you," the young engineer declared firmly.

"All right, my son," the cleric said. "For admitting your guilt you are forgiven, but you'd better see me again next week."

Leaving the church the engineer met his best friend, who had waited for him outside. "How did your confession go?" the friend enquired.

"Not bad, the engineer replied. "I got a week off and three new leads."

What's the difference between a nun and a whore taking a bath? The nun has a soul full of hope.

A minister on his wedding night comes back from brushing his teeth in the bathroom before going to bed, and finds his bride laying on her back, stark naked. He is shocked. "Why, I expected you on your knees," he says reproachfully. "Well, alright," says the bride, "but it always gives me the hiccups".

The Pope recently said that nuns may date men under the condition that they wear cross-your-heart bras and non-nonsense pantyhose.

The husband and his wife were having difficulty in deciding what to give up for Lent, but finally, in a fervent spirit of atonement, they agreed on sex. As the weeks slowly passed, they began to regret their choice, but stuck to it, sleeping in separate bedrooms and also locking the doors to control temptation. Finally, the glorious Easter sun rose and the wife was awakened by a series of thunderous knocks on her door.

"Oh, George," she called out, "I know what you're knocking for!"

"You're damn right!" he yelled back. "But do you know what I'm knocking with?!"

The maid in the nunnery asks, "What do you nuns do about men?"

"We never think about them," she is told, "We've had saltipetre". "Well that's the trouble," replies the maid, "you should try a fresh one."

Once upon a time there was a minister and a priest who used to pass each other riding bicycles along the same path every day. One day the priest was seen walking down the road by the minister, who was riding his bike.

"Tell me Father, what happened to your bicycle?" inquired the minister.

"I fear that one of my parishioners has stolen it," answered the priest.

"The same thing happened to me a few months ago," explained the minister, "and in order to get my bike back I delivered a sermon on the Ten Commandments, placing special emphasis on 'Thou shalt not steal.' The next day, sure enough, my bike was back."

"Wonderful," exclaimed the priest. "I'll have to give it a try."

About a week later the minister and the priest once again met along the same piece of road, both riding bicycles.

"I see you got your bike back," said the minister as he stopped next to the priest. "Tell me how you did it."

"Well, I started my sermon on the Ten Commandments just as you suggested, and when I got to the part about 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' I remembered where my bike was."

Three nuns were sitting on a park bench when all of a sudden, a flasher strode up and exposed himself. The first nun gasped and had a stroke. The second nun also gasped and had a stroke. And the third nun would have had a stroke, but she couldn't reach.

A minister whose wife has had a baby explains to the bishop that an act of God has blessed him with a bundle from heaven, and that he needs a raise in salary. After the third bundle from heaven in a row, the bishop remarks diplomatically, "Rain is an act of God too, but common sense tells us to wear rubbers."

Did you hear about the angel who spread her legs instead of her wings? She got an organ instead of a harp.

Did you hear what happened to the priest who was caught fooling around with some nuns at a convent? He got a seminary discharge.



What's black and white and sits in a corner crying? A pregnant nun.

What's black and white and sits in a corner laughing? The priest who got her that way.

A man goes to the village rabbi and says he wants to divorce his wife "because she has such filthy habits".

"What are these filthy habits?" the rabbi asks.

"Oh, I can't tell you" said the man, "It's too filthy to describe."

Under these circumstances, the rabbi refused to grant him the divorce. "Well, if I must, I must," says the man. "Every time I go to piss in the sink, it's full of dirty dishes."

Two nuns were out grocery shopping. Bananas were on sale, one for a dime and three for a quarter. One nun says to the other, "let's get three, we can always eat the third one."

A little boy and girl were sitting in church one Sunday, both rather bored with the sermon. The little girl found a pin in the seat next to her and decided to have a little fun.

In the meantime, the priest in his sermon decided to ask a few questions.

"...And whom is the One to which we all pray at night?"

Just then the little girl jabbed the little boy with the pin, and he yelled out "Oh God!"

"Very good," smiled the priest. "And what is the name of our saviour?"

"Jesus Christ!" cried the little boy as the little girl poked him with the pin once more.

"Excellent!" exclaimed the priest. "And now can anyone tell me what Eve said to Adam after giving birth to their 36th child?"

Before the little girl could do her dirty work once again, the little boy shouted out, "If you stick that thing in me once more, I'm going to wring it around your neck!"

As the story goes, an artie and a theology student were out playing golf one day. The first hole was a 525 yard, par 5. The theology student made the hole in 4 shots, while 4 shots only got the artie on the green with a 10 yard putt. As you already guessed, the artie missed and in a fit of rage he bellowed... "God-dammit, I missed!!

The theology student was slightly perturbed by the language and he admonished his golfing partner by saying "My son, you shouldn't use the Lord's name in vain."

Well, apparently the artie paid no attention, for, upon taking 4 shots to make the green of the 350 yard, par 4 second hole, at which time he missed a simple 5 yard putt, again he yelled...

"God-dammit, I missed!"

To no avail, the theology student advised his partner about the Ten Commandments (an old Engineering newspaper-Ed.), but his words went unheeded for at about the same time as the artie missed a simple 3 yard putt on the third hole, all across the course echoed the words...

"God-dammit, I missed!!"

Now, the City of Hamilton is not prone to freak storms, but at that moment, the skies darkened and a bolt of lightning struck the theology student dead.

And across the world these words could be heard...

"God-dammit, I missed!!"

When was a motorcycle first mentioned in the Bible? When Moses' Triumph could be heard throughout the valley.

"Adultery is as bad as murder. Isn't that so, Sister Brown?" shouted the evangelist.

"I don't right know," replied the Sister. "I never killed anybody."

What's black and white and goes 120 rpm? A nun falling down a staircase.

TOIKEJOIKESTOIKEJOIKESTOIKEJOIKEJOIKES

"A gang of navvies were digging up the road outside as house of pleasure in Dublin. The first day they were there, they saw a Protestant minister walk up to the door, look stealthily around and dart in. "Look at that," they said to each other, "a minister of religion going into a place like that; the stinking hypocrite!"

The next day they saw a Rabbi creep down the street with his collar turned up; he looked around and slipped in (to the brothel, you idiot).

"Did you see that?" the workers exclaimed to each other, "a rabbi going into a house of ill fame; the dirty swine."

The next day, a little Catholic priest scuttled down the street and dashed in. — "Ah, look at that" they said, "one of the girls must be going poorly."

The local synagogue was holding a raffle to raise money for a new building. The third prize winner was announced and he won a beautiful colour television set. Then they announced the second prize winner. It was Mr. Epstein.

Up he walked to collect his prize and you can imagine his surprise when he found out it was a sponge cake. "A sponge cake! Who wants a sponge cake! I spent \$100 on a raffle ticket, third prize is a colour TV, and I win a sponge cake? I ain't gonna take no sponge cake!"

"SSShh," said the man next to him. "The sponge cake was baked by the rabbi's wife."

"Screw the rabbi's wife," said Mr. Epstein.

"Ssshhh," said the man, "that's first prize."

A priest and a rabbi both bought new cars on the same day. The rabbi asked the priest if he would bless his car and so the priest walked over to the rabbi's new car, sprinkled some holy water on it, and said a prayer. The priest then asked the rabbi if he would, in return, bless the new car. "Certainly," replied the rabbi as he walked over to the priest's car and removed five inches off the tailpipe.

According to the Bible, which is more elastic - rubber or skin? Skin, because it says that Moses tied his ass to a tree and walked 40 miles.

Once there was a visitor to a cathedral who happened to pass by a window where he observed a nun and a priest performing an IN-OUT routine. Alarmed by this discovery, he continued his journey at a more rapid pace.

When he passed by a second window, he noticed a group of priest standing around a table with a mouse in the centre. The observer was alarmed to notice that the priest were naked and that they all had their cocks on the table:

With his faith totally shattered, the observer proceeded to the next window where he saw a naked man nailed to a cross.

Now that the observer is suffering from severe internal nausea, he finds the first door and starts pounding on it. A little window opened and a voice whispered, "Yes!"

"I have to talk to you!! I must find out what is happening!!" cried the observer.

"If you must." The door opens and a naked 95 year old Priest with a rotten cock stands in place of the door.

"The first window (gasp!!) I saw a priest and a nun fucking!!" exclaimed the observer.

"Well we do have our desires," explained the priest.

"The second window (gasp again!!) I saw naked priests standing around a table!"

"Well this is our selection method for find who fucks the nun; we have only a few available. Anyways, the way the method works is by means of natural selection. The mouse chooses who gets to be the fucker."

"The third window (The last fucken (gasp!!) who was that man!???"

"He cheated," said the priest, "he had cheese under his foreskin!!!!"

An old lady was being converted from Protestantism to Catholicism, and, being old of the miracles of the Virgin Birth, is asked if she has any questions. "Well," she says, "I've never been able to see the advantage over the old system."

Why don't Italian Catholics have pimples? They slide off.

Proverb: It's nice to kiss a nun once, but you should try getting into the habit.

Young Father Bossi (a reformed engineering student who saw the light) was so nervous at his first mass, he couldn't speak. He asked Monsignor how he had done. The Monsignor said fine, but next week, it might help if he put a little rum or vodka in his water to help him relax. The next week the priest put rum in his water and he really kicked up a storm.

After mass again, he asked the Monsignor how he had done. The Monsignor said, "Fine, but there are some things that you should get straight:

1. There are 10 Commandments, not 12.
2. There are 12 Disciples, not 10.
3. David slew Goliath, he didn't kick the flying shit out of him.
4. We do not refer to Jesus Christ as the late J.C.
5. The Father, The Son, and The Holy Ghost are not to be called "Big Daddy", "Junior", and "The Spook".
6. And next Sunday, there is a Taffy Pulling Contest at St. Peter's, not a Peter Pulling Contest at St. Taffy's.

An Irishman, a Scotsman, and a Greek were walking down the road. Suddenly, there was a flash, and they found themselves looking at God.

He spoke: "You, Scotsman! You have been greedy all your life. If you are ever stingy again, you will go straight to Hell!"

To the Irishman, He said, "Irishman! You are a drunk! If you touch another drop of booze again you will go straight to Hell!"

Finally, He said, "Greek! If you think about kinky sex again, you will go straight to Hell!"

In a flash, they were back on the road. The Irishman said, "Acchh, what an experience! I need a drink to calm me down!"

Just as he touched his flask to his lips, there was a blinding flash, and the Irishman disappeared.

Shaken, the other two continued down the road. The Scotsman noticed a penny on the ground and couldn't resist. He bent down to pick it up, and FLASH! the Greek disappeared.

After registering at a large hotel the self-styled evangelist read in his room for a couple of hours, then went down to the bar, where he struck up a conversation with the pretty hat-check girl. After she had finished working, they had a few drinks and then went to his room. But when the evangelist began removing her blouse, she seemed to have second thoughts. "Are you sure this is all right?" she asked. "I mean, you're a holy man."

"My dear," he replied, "it is written in the Bible."

She took him at his word, and they spent a very pleasant night together. The next morning, however, as the girl was preparing to leave, she said:

"You know, I don't remember the part of the Bible you mentioned to me last night. Could you show it to me?"

In response, the evangelist took the Gideon Bible from the night stand, opened the cover and pointed to the flyleaf, on which was inscribed: "The hat-check girl puts out."

A priest decided to disprove the rumour that Allarts were stupid. So he went to Artsland to test their intelligence. He asked the first person he met, "What is the meaning of Easter?"

"Well," replied the man, "it's the time of year when you have a tree with coloured lights and everyone gives presents."

The priest asked the next person he saw the same question.

"It's the day when you send cards with hearts on them to people you love."

The priest was rather discouraged but decided to give it one more try.

The last man answered, "It is a time of the year when we remember how Christ died on the cross and was buried in a cave."

The priest was excited. "Go on!" he said.

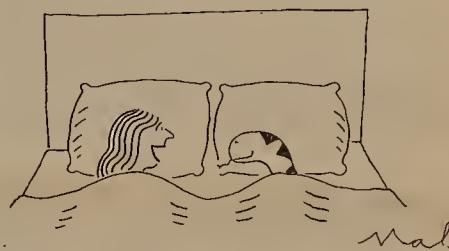
"So after three days, Christ came out of the cave, but when he saw his shadow he ran back in and we had six more weeks of winter."

A Roman centurion in the Jerusalem garrison went on weekend leave. When he came back his horny friends asked him what he did. He replied,

"As soon as I got out of the gates I met this Jewish hooker and she was fuckin' stacked. We got talking and I took her to the fuckin' chariot races where we got fuckin' . Then we went back to her fuckin' place and got fuckin' drunk. Then she took off all her fuckin' clothes and started to give me a fuckin' blow job." At this point his friends panted in anticipation,

"Yeah, and then what happened?" and the centurion replied,

"What do you fuckin' think? We went to her fuckin' bedroom and had sexual intercourse."



"You're slippery, and slimy, and sensational!"

A missionary who was journeying up the Amazon decided to teach his native guide a few words of English. First, he pointed to the various objects in the rain forest and gave their names. The guide dutifully repeated them and the missionary was quite pleased, until they happened to pass two people making love on the riverbank. Embarrassed, the man of God said, "Man riding bicycle."

The native immediately drew his bow and let fly an arrow.

"Man riding my bicycle!" he exclaimed.

While walking through town one morning the young priest was approached by a woman who purred, "A quickie for five bucks?"

Obviously confused by this advance, the Father continued on his way; but within a short span of time, another prostitute beckoned him with "A quickie for five bucks?" The priest returned to the parish and encountered the mother superior. His curiosity overcame him and he asked, "Mother, what's a quickie?"

"Five bucks," replied the nun, "same as in town."

St. Mike's prayer: Oh, blessed Virgin, thou who didst conceive without sinning, teach us to sin with conceiving.

If the river Styx, it must be damned.

A man entered a confessional and said to the priest, "Father, I have had sex with my wife."

The priest explained that the man need not worry about this, as it was not a sin. "But I had sex with her!" protested the man.

"Son, when you are married, having sex with your wife is permitted", countered the priest.

"You see," continued the man, "we've been married for twenty years, and I've tried to be good, but yesterday I saw her bending over a sack of potatoes, and I just couldn't contain myself."

"But you're married," said the priest, "and your union is blessed by God. You have nothing to fear."

"Well, that's a relief," said the man. "I thought you would throw us out of the church."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the man of the pulpit. "Whatever for?"

"Well," explained the man, "they threw us out of the A & P!"

Up rode David in his chariot.

"Whoa," said David (the chariot stopped)

David approached the King, inquiring:

"King, where is the Queen?" enquired David.

"Oh, screw the Queen," answered the King.

That sorrowful day ninety-one thousand and sixty-five were killed in the rush (For in those days the King's word was law.)



"sandals all muddy."

What do you call a bisexual nun? A transister.



"Mummy, does a maid's bottom come off?"

"No dear, why?"

"Well...I just heard daddy telling the next door neighbour that he screwed the ass off ours!"

Once upon a time there was a sperm named Stanley who lived inside a famous movie actor. Stanley was a very healthy sperm. He'd do push-ups and somersaults and limber the other up all the time, while the other sperm just lay around on their fat asses not doing a thing.

One day, one of them became curious enough to ask Stanley why he exercised all day.

Stanley said, "Look pal, only one sperm gets a woman pregnant and when the right time comes, I am going to be that one."

A few days later, they all felt themselves getting hotter and hotter, and they knew that it was getting to be their time to go. They were released abruptly and, sure enough, there was Stanley swimming far ahead of all the others.

All of a sudden, Stanley stopped, turned around, and began to swim back with all his might. "Go back! Go back!" he screamed. "It's a blow job."

Q. How do you make a dog sound like a cat?

A. Soak it in kerosene, throw a lighted match, and...WHOOF!

What has 5 million legs but can't walk?
Jerry's kids.

FITNESS NOW • AND HOW

How to get fit without jogging

Jogging's a great way to get fit. But it's not the only way to go.

For example you could go for a swim, Jim; learn to roller skate, Kate; don't worry if it's new, Sue...just get up and go.

After all, hiking's got appeal, Neal; fencing's A-OK, Jay; just do what you please, Louise...lots of things are fun.

So...get up off your rump, Gump; don't hold yourself back, Mack; just take off the brake, Jake...That's the way to move.

And remember three times a week, Zeke, or every other day, Ray; just make that your plan, Stan (Fran, Dan or Jan). And get yourself fit.

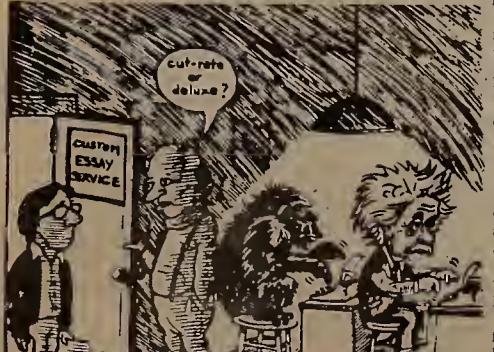
There must be fifty ways to get yourself fit. AND HOW!



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Q. How do you make a cat sound like a dog?
A. Soak it in kerosene, throw a lighted match, and...WHOOF!

Three boys were in the woods during a fierce thunderstorm and the only refuge they could find was the house of a Catholic priest. After answering the door, the priest inquired as to the boy's religion. The first boy said he was a Catholic, and this made the priest happy. He sent the lad to sit by the fire and warm himself up.

The second boy also said he was a Catholic and was sent to warm himself by the fire. The third, in answering the priest's question, proclaimed himself Jewish. To this the priest scowled and sent the lad to a corner to spend the night.

In the morning the priest inquired as to the boy's dreams. The first replied that he dreamt that he had won a million dollars and given it all to the Church. The priest smiled and told him it was the action of a good Catholic. The second boy said he dreamt that he had become Pope and had brought peace to the world. The priest deemed this also the action of a good Catholic. The third lad replied that he dreamt that he had died and gone to Hell. The priest smiled and told the boy to be happy, for at least he was warm. The boy shook his head and said that he couldn't get near the fire for all the damned Catholics.

Oh I know what you're thinking. You're wondering if reading this article will be a complete waste of time, or if it'll offer some humorous stories to tell your friends. You're not sure if you should continue on or not.

But you're still reading. I guess I might as well warn you, then. I can influence your thoughts. That's right, not only do I read minds but I influence thoughts. Right now I'm making you think that what I'm saying is a piece of crap. Was I right?

I see you're still with me. Right now you're wondering what's going to happen next. You're thinking that this article is a waste of time, and you wish that it would get funny. Well, how about a joke. Aha, you're eager with anticipation, yet reserved because you figure that newspaper articles tell had jokes. Well, I'm a sick joke page. Ah, that drew a spark of interest. Ready for a sick joke? Come on, admit it. You want to hear it had!

"Okay (What's the difference between a truck load of howling halls and a truck load of dead babies?) Come on, take a guess. Hey! No peeking ahead. I know you're cheating.

The Answer? (You can't unload a truck full of bowling balls with a pitchfork.)

Come on. You think it's funny, you just don't want to laugh. Quite groaning. You just don't appreciate a good joke.

Well, I can tell you're eager to see if there are any funnier articles in this paper. Go on! I dare you to read on! I dare you. Try and stop me from keeping you from reading on...

The Creation

In the beginning, G-diva created the Texthook and the Lecture. The lecture was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the book, and the spirits of G-diva moved across the campus. (le hic).

Then did G-diva say, "Let there be rum and there was light, and G-diva saw the light was good (when mixed with coke). Then G-diva separated the light from the dark, calling the light Palm Breeze, and the dark Navy. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And G-diva said, "Let there be firmness in the midst of the waters. And G-diva created the firmness to separate the waters. G-diva called the firmness Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

Then G-diva said, "Let there be dry land. And so it was. G-diva called the land U of T and it was very dry. And G-diva seeing the fucking mess, went home for a hew. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And G-diva said, "Let the water bring forth living creatures. Let there be budgies in the air, Jocks on the ground, fish in Sid Smith, and Artsies under the table. Let the land bring forth all manner of plants to eat smoke and distil. Let there be learning and Science. Let there be equations and constants. And let them reproduce without solution. And the evening and the morning were 2n plus 1 day.

And the fifth day G-diva skip-ped.

On the weekend there was a puu, and G-diva looked and saw that it was good, all except for the budgies who were multiplying and shitting on everything. "Cock sucker", said G-diva, and lo there came Dentists. G-diva commanded them that they should gather up all the shit. G-diva took the shit and pondered it. Then said G-diva, "Let us make a skuleman in our own image, and let him have dominion over the Jocks, and over the artsies and every living Mens man that creeps on the earth. Then did G-diva take the shit, and of it from the skuleman and pour into him the hew of life. (le hic). And G-diva planted an annex in the land of U of T. Out of the stores did the lady G-diva cause to grow every plant that is pleasant to the sight and lungs. Then did G-diva plant in the middle of the annex, the cannon.

The lady G-diva took the Skuleman and put him in the annex in U of T to rule it and keep it. And the Lady G-diva commanded the Skuleman saying, "You may freely screw around with anything in the annex, but you touch that cannon and I'll hoot your halls so fuckin' hard you'll have to open your mouth to take a piss. You get me fuck eyes?" Whereupon did the Skuleman agree.

Then G-diva said, "It is not good that the Skuleman should be alone, lest he defile himself and go blind. I will make a helper fit for him." So out of the left over budgy shit mixed liberally with the remains of the previous days meals at Gnu College, did G-diva form every heast and worm on campus, and bring them to the Skuleman to see what he would call them. And G-diva brought forth the jock, but what the heast lacked in intelligence (considerable) he

made up for in the reek of sweat, so that the Skule man fled saying, "Jocks off campus". Then did G-diva bring a Pharmacist to make the skuleman feel better, but when the Pharmacist charged \$14.89 for the aspirin the Skuleman did kick him in the crotch and say unto him, "Eat shit, motherfucker!"; and whatever the Skuleman called every living thing - that was its name. But for the Skuleman there was no fit helper. So the Lady G-diva gave the Skuleman, a 24 so causing a great sleep to fall upon him. And when he had crashed, G-diva took the will-nots from the Skuleman's asshole, and from them fashioned a nurse, and brought her to him. Then the Skuleman said, "What kind of fucking thing is this?" "That's right", answered G-diva. And they were both cannoneless and they were not ashamed.

Now the artsie was a gay fellow, more vile than any other creature in the land. Then did the vilest most dispicable horrid faced artsie who was named Seymour enter into the garden. It said to the nurse, "Did G-diva say you shall not have anything in the annex?" And the Nurse said, "Fuck off artsie, we may not touch the cannon, or we shall lose our halls."

But the artsie said, "You have no halls to lose, wherefore may you indeed take the cannon, or I'll eat my SAC. For G-diva knows that should you have a cannon you would be like her, and all the world would admire you. Verily I say unto you, you should have cannon parity." Then did the artsie take the cannon proclaiming she did not lose her halls, whereupon did all the creatures cum to see. Then she gave the cannon to the skuleman, and when he saw that it was a beautiful and fearsome weapon he took it. And he fired the cannon when all the creatures had cum. And this was the first gang bang.

G-diva heard the bang and came to the annex saying, "Who took the cannon?" Then did the nurse answer saying, "It was the artsie, for he told me I have no halls."

The Lady G-diva said to the artsie, "Because you have done this thing, cursed are you above all students. Into Sid Smith shall you go, and preach crap all the rest of your days. I will put enmity between you and the Skuleman and he shall piss on you and use your halls for cannon wadding."

To the nurse she said, "I shall greatly multiply your pain with sponge baths and rectal temperatures."

Then did she address herself to the Skuleman saying, "Because you have listened to the voice of your nurse and have fired the cannon which I commanded you not to touch, you shall toil and slave over it and you shall carry it where ever you go. But it shall bring you pain, for men shall envy it and steal it from you. By the sweat of your ass shall you do problem sets and exams shall he brought upon your head."

Then G-diva made a hardhat for the Skuleman that he might be recognized as G-diva's chosen, and she sent him and his nurse forth from the annex. And they wandered in desolation till they came to the Graduate skule for where else should they go after being cast from U of T, but to the land of the rejects.

THE ROTO REPORT :

SATAN DEMANDS EQUAL TIME

Back in February of this year, Lucifer D. Beelzebub, who prefers to be known simply as Satan, and whose card lists him as "Professional Demogorgon", caught wind of plans to revive the Toike Oike, and threatened to blow the whistle to feminists and other activists before publication if the Editor did not grant him equal time. The Toike then agreed to send Roto, a long-time member of the Toikestaph, to some predescribed abyss in the fourth dimension to meet and interview Satan. The result of that session, which allowed the Toike Oike to continue with its plans in secrecy, follows.

Roto: But the Bible insists that you are a fallen angel, one that was at one time beautiful, but fell out of grace with the Lord. Is that not the case?

Satan: No! Most emphatically, not. I did not fall from heaven. Someone pushed.

Roto: I have with me a brochure that is attributed to you. In it you are telling retirees that Hell is a nice place to stay. You claim tropical weather, no snow, and a lakeside resort, only if one signs the deed with his own blood. Is your advertising entirely accurate?

Satan: Absolutely.

Roto: But surely Hell is not only warm, but seething in heat. I have this document stating that Hell is so hot that even sulphur boils.

Satan: So we get our heat waves. Didn't Dallas get temperatures well over 40° last summer?

Roto: According to my CRC Handbook, sulphur boils at 445°. And there are documents that sulphur boils in Hell. I remind you.

Satan: You're a regular Mike Wallace, aren't you?

Roto: Let's get to the point.

Satan: Warmth is all relative, isn't it? I find 445° to be quite comfortable. And, it never snows in Hell. Think of the poor retirees, with weak hearts, who would never have to risk heart attacks shoveling snow again.

Roto: Surely they have to die first to enter Hell?

Satan: A minor detail.

Roto: What's this about the lakeside resort? Is that lake not one of boiling sulphur?

Satan: Shit. A lake is a lake, right?

Roto: I'm sure I could go on and on about this topic. Where can we find more about what you purport to be the true story?

Satan: In my new book, "The True Story of Satan". Don't forget, it's by Lucifer D. Beelzebub.

Roto: My times is about up. I have one last question that many readers are anxious to have answered. Why, or how is the caramel put into the Carmilk bar?

Satan: Do I look like that man in the commercial? I told you, I have been misaligned. I thought this interview would clear a lot of things up...

Roto: ...like my acne...

This space for rent.



Pope gets head!

It was a rainy day in heaven and St. Peter suggested that God go down to earth for one of those good old times. "No, Peter," said God, "No more of that. I knocked up a Jewish girl two thousand years ago and they still haven't stopped talking about it."

The wife of an African chief had an albino baby, and suspicion began to fasten on the white missionary. When he saw that things were beginning to look bad for him, he took the chief aside and said, "Look chief, see up on that hill all those white sheep?" "Yup," says the chief. "And," says the missionary, "See that little black lamb?" "O.K." says the chief. "You no tell, I no tell".

One day an engineer arrived in hell (through no fault of his own). As he looked around he saw a multitude of clocks all spinning around at different speeds.

He asked the devil, "What do these mean?"

He replied, "Each one of these clocks represents one person in the world. Every time one of them masturbates, the clock goes around once."

Sure enough, he looked around and saw the clocks of many people he knew going slowly around. He saw David Wasserman's clock, Spiros Pantziris' clock and other people he had known in his life on earth.

"But where," he asked, "is Bob Moul's clock?"

"Oh," replied the devil, "we use it for a fan in back."



One of these people needs to see a psychiatrist. Can you guess who?

GOD Gets Tenure

In a long expected move, the Religious Studies Tenure Committee, meeting in closed session, on Monday voted to award God tenure. Speaking in an exclusive interview following the meeting, Father John Belly, of no fixed address, outlined his reasons for awarding "Him" tenure. "Wow, did you see his list of publications? The first book was just great; floods, famine, pestilence. Boy, what action!"

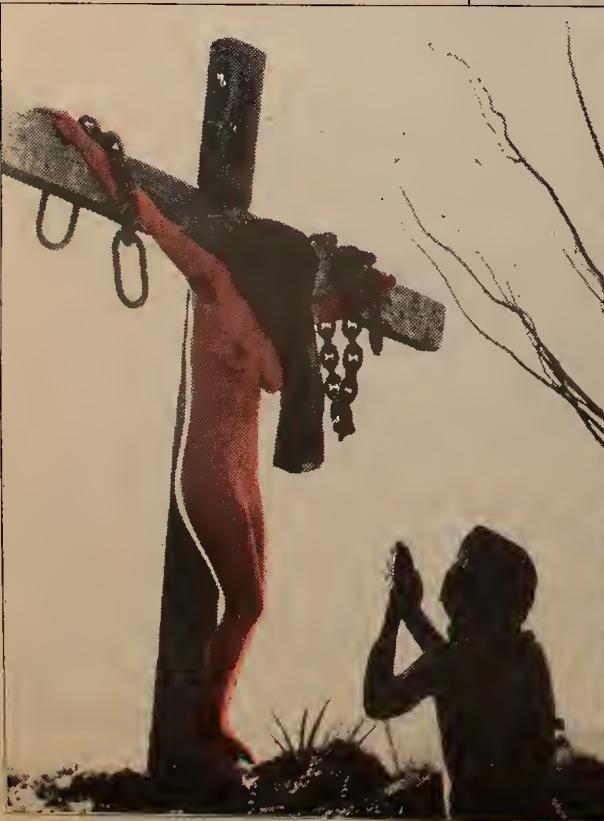
Others members of the committee, however, disagreed with Father Belly's interpretations. "I was most impressed with his research," commented committee member, and President of Victoria College Goldwyn Stench. "I mean, making a woman out of a man's rib, now that is what I call genius!"

Asked to comment on how God could possibly receive tenure in spite of poor course evaluations, St. Michael's College Professor, William Dumpy, replied "Yes, we are aware of his inability to communicate effectively, his lack of tolerance for opposing viewpoints, the unusually high standards he sets for his students, his incredibly strict marking scheme,

and his tendency to explain things in mysterious ways — but when did that stuff ever count in a tenure decision?"

Philosophy Professor Chuck Blandly, seemed to agree with Professor Dumpy's analysis. When asked if having students on the tenure committee would have affected the outcome he replied "Oh sure, they would have raised all those irrelevant points, you know, can he teach, is he easily accessible, does he answer questions? It's just as well that there were no students there."

Apparently, the decision to award tenure to our Father Who Art in Heaven, did not pass the committee without some discussion. "One member noted that God has been dead for years, and that because of that he was ineligible to receive tenure," remarked Father Belly. "But I quickly pointed out that some of our finest faculty members had received tenure years after they had passed on, and to establish death as a possible grounds for tenure denial, at this point in time, would be a dangerous precedent."



First Nun: I've never come this way before.
Second Nun: It must be the cobblestones!

Two nuns were cycling back to their convent and decided to take a shortcut.

